

The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

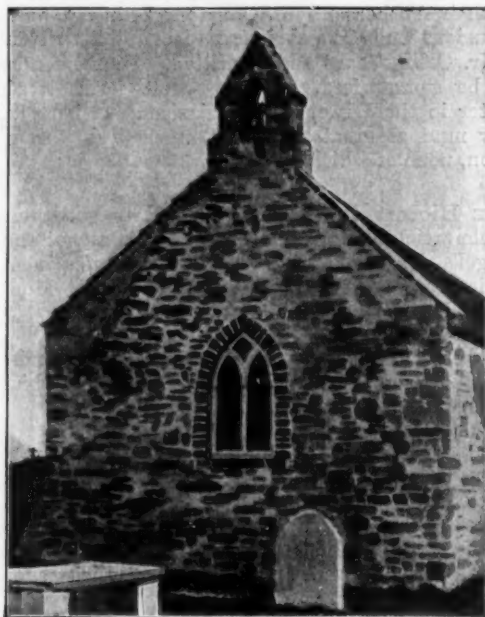
THERE is a pleasingly old-world sound about the name of the Paddington Apprenticeship Committee, which is to start work in September next. The idea is, I understand, to revive the apprentice system, binding boys and girls to skilled trades as soon as possible after their leaving school. Full details will be provided by Miss Eastman, 19 Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, W. I wonder is there any hope in this scheme for assistance to the booksellers, who complain of the difficulty of finding competent assistants? In old days the booksellers' salesman learnt his business and also took a real interest in it. Now-a-days it is too often the case that the book salesman knows little if anything of the wares which he sells, which is bad for customer and master alike.

Skilled and intelligent work is as necessary to-day as ever it was, and the bookseller cannot expect to lag behind other trades in energy and at the same time to make profitable progress. Only the other day I went into a well-known London book-shop to make a simple enquiry and could obtain no information from any of those serving the customers. In fact, the booksellers seem too ready to take up the attitude of being willing to sell a book when asked for it, but of being unwilling to do anything to stimulate the sale of a book or to cater for the wants of their customers. Trade is bad undoubtedly, but that is no excuse for sitting down and idly deploring the fact that things are out of joint.

THERE are many literary workers who have used with much benefit "The Annual Index to Periodicals," which has been issued for the last thirteen years. The compilation has been a labour of love to Miss Hetherington, and it is with great regret that I read the announcement that the publication must be discontinued for lack of support. A total loss has so far been incurred of 5,000l., and we cannot expect our literary workers to be philanthropists. It is pitiable that so useful a publication should have received such scant support, and I can but hope that Mr. Stead's decision to cease the issue of the Index will at once call forth such ample promise of support that his decision may be changed.

MR. GEORGE G. T. TREHERNE has written some interesting notes on "The Dedication of the Church in Honour of Saint Margaret Marlos," which are published as No. 1 of "Eglwys Cymmin Papers" by the Chiswick Press. Mr. Treherne has much to say of value concerning this ancient church and of the Saint Margarets to whom

churches have been dedicated, appealing—a happy thought—to those who bear this beautiful name to help the providing of the necessary funds for filling the three-



WEST FRONT, CHURCH OF ST. MARGARET MARLOS

(By permission of the Chiswick Press)

light east window of the church with stained glass representing the three Margarets, of Antioch, Scotland and "Marlos."

MESSRS. NEWNES have added to their excellent Art Library a collection of reproductions of Constable's Sketches, which will be welcome to all lovers of the painter and of the Constable country. There is a biographical note by Sir James D. Linton and a chapter on Constable's Art. The increasing number of reasonably-priced art books is surely an encouraging sign of the times; many publishers are doing good work in this direction and would not persevere in their efforts were not the results satisfactory. Which means that there is a large public who desire to study art and artists.

In which connection it may be noted that a large proportion of books published to-day deal with one or other

of the arts, lives and studies of men-of-letters, painters and musicians are on the increase, and it is pleasant to note that they are so. The books are good too, and weak as modern methods of illustration may be in many ways they do enable books of good class to be well illustrated and produced at a price which places them within the reach of the many, which is matter for thankfulness. A half-tone block is not to be compared with a fine wood engraving, but it is far better than nothing.

FICTION does not rule the literary world in France as it does here; of the total of 9,674 works copyrighted there in 1903, History and Biography come first with 1,291, Medicine &c. second with 1,226, Education and Instruction third with 1,218, whereas fiction, which is a sub-heading under Literature (total 1,757) claims only 591; Religion accounts for 788, of which 745 are Catholic, 33 Protestant, and 10 Oriental.

AMONGST many others that are good I note especially two articles in "The National Review," "Warp and Woof" by H. J. Tennant, M.P., and "Miltonic Myths and their Authors" by J. Churton Collins. The second is a curious study in a curious subject and is written with all Mr. Collins' care and erudition. Its matter cannot well be summarised, but the whole forms a strange chapter in the History of Plagiarism. It is so easy to throw mud at great men, and much was thrown at Milton, none of which has stuck.

THE Hibbert Journal is a singularly good number, notable articles being "Herder" by T. Bailey Saunders, "Hegel's Theory of Tragedy" by Professor A. C. Bradley and "Art and Ideas" by Dr. Montague Bakewell.

IN Mr. Kipling's autumn volume of short stories will be included one—"The Army of a Dream"—hitherto, I believe, unpublished.

MESSRS. CASSELL will publish what should prove to be a useful work to all interested in the Chantrey Bequest controversy. The volume, "Chantrey and His Bequest," will contain reproductions of all the works purchased under the bequest, a reprint of portions of the will, and a summary of the various criticisms levelled at the administration of the fund.

MR. J. M. BULLOCK writes in "The Lamp" on "The Influence of Jews in Recent English Literature," and writes most interestingly. He rightly brings out the point that no Christian—by which, I take it, he really means no Occidental—can quite fathom the "workings of the Jewish mind":

"Scholarship, however, knows little of the impulses of race and creed; that must be left either for controversial or imaginative literature. The modern Jew has deliberately chosen fiction, and, although his contribution is so far a mere drop in the bucket, it is so powerfully biased (and I am not using the word in any deprecating sense) as to stand by itself. The modern Jewish novelist has a point of view not to be found in the brilliant novels of Disraeli, which were Jewish by the mere accident of the author's birth. The Jewish novelists are now giving pictures of their own people. This has fascinated the Gentile writers. We all know how Daniel Deronda absorbed George Eliot: but it is not too much to say that no Christian, however sympathetic, can understand the complex workings of the Jewish mind;"

which, in truth, opens a vast question, to which, however, but too little attention is given.

It is not only true that the Oriental mind is in reality a closed book to us Westerners, but is it not also true that no man of our race can look at affairs or at art with the mental outlook of any other race? No matter how expert a Latinist may be, is he truly able to criticise a Latin author as a contemporary could have done? Can Cicero or Vergil ever be quite to one of us of to-day what he was to those for whom he wrote? Or, again, can an Englishman so entirely forget the nature he is born to and so entirely acquire the nature of a Frenchman as to gauge fairly any French work of art or letters? In politics we see again and again, from day to day, how impossible it is for one nation fairly to criticise the doings of another. Must not something of this hold good in all other matters?

MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT announce a "French Men of Letters" series, which will make a start with "Balzac," by M. Ferdinand Brunetiere, and "Montaigne," by Professor Dowden.

THE International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers announce a memorial exhibition of the works of James McNeill Whistler, their late President, to be held at the New Gallery in February and March next. Many promises of support have already been received, and it is hoped that a thoroughly representative collection will be brought together.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces several books which should, if they fulfil their promise, afford good reading; among them "Honoré de Balzac," by Miss Mary F. Sanders, which will contain much fresh information derived from unpublished letters; "The Viceroy's Post-bag," by Michael MacDonagh, throwing light on the events that followed the Union and on the life of Robert Emmett; and "The Life and Times of Sir James Browne, R.E."

THE August number of "Scribner's Magazine," which will be published by Mr. William Heinemann on July 25, will contain, among other matter, a complete story by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "They." Thomas Nelson Page, Edith Wharton and Nelson Lloyd are among other contributors.

"THE CRITIC" (New York) issues an excellent Hawthorne number, with many interesting contributions and illustrations. I quote a passage from "My Hawthorne Experience," by Moncure D. Conway:

"One evening at Field's house several ladies came in after dinner with the hope of seeing Hawthorne, who had gone to his room. I was deputed to coax him downstairs. I found him reading Defoe's ghost stories. He listened pleasantly to my request in behalf of the ladies, then proceeded to talk rather volubly of Defoe and belief in ghosts; evidently he did not mean to go into company that evening. He asked me about the negro ghost-lore in Virginia; most of it was commonplace, borrowed from the whites. One of my stories seemed to him African: some of my father's farm servants declared that they had hastened to an enormous conflagration one or two miles away, but on reaching the place found no house and no conflagration—only one little coal of fire on the ground. Hawthorne did not take apparitions seriously, of course, and I concluded that he was writing some romance in which a delusion of that kind might be woven. He was too truthful to

give me any excuse for the ladies, and I could only tell them that my hope of his coming downstairs was faint. Next morning Hawthorne appeared at breakfast with a meek look, as if prepared for a scolding, but the characteristic sunshine of our hostess warmed him into a charming flow of talk—mostly about England. He seemed to think of it as an Isle of the Blest; but my friend W. D. Howells visited him at Concord, and wrote me: 'Hawthorne took me up on the hill behind Wayside, and we had a silence of half an hour together. He said he never saw a perfectly beautiful woman; asked much about the West; and wished he could find some part of America "where the cursed shadow of Europe had not fallen."'

Bibliographical

THE latest reprint of Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women; Moral, Poetical, and Historical" (published originally in 1832) has a bibliographical note appended to it, showing that the second edition, corrected and enlarged, appeared in 1833; that the first American edition dates from 1837; and that, apparently, the work was first entitled "Shakespeare's Heroines" in an edition published by Bohn in 1879 (nearly twenty years after the author's death). Note is also made of the fact that Fanny Kemble in 1832 suggested that the book should be called "Characters of Shakespeare's Women." "It is," she said, "shorter, and, I think, will look better than the other in print"—in saying which she was perfectly right. The present reprint (Dent & Co.) does not contain the opening dialogue between "Alda" and "Medon." In my humble opinion the most desirable edition of this work is that issued in 1897 by Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, with twenty-six portraits of famous players in character—Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, Portia, Beatrice, Imogen, and Katherine of Aragon; Miss Ada Rehan as Rosalind and Katherine (the "Shrew"); Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Juliet, Mrs. Tree as Ophelia, Mrs. Langtry as Cleopatra, and so forth. That is the edition which I should advise the young student to acquire.

I am not a swimmer, but I have much enjoyed a book on "Swimming" (Low & Co.) compiled by Mr. Ralph Thomas. I remember Mr. Thomas very well as the author of a "Handbook of Fictitious Names," and it is interesting to meet with him again. The more so, as this "Swimming" is practically a bibliography—a history of the literature of the subject. Quite amazing is Mr. Thomas' learning; he appears to have read or heard of not only every book, but every article in cyclopædias and magazines which deals with the topic of "natation." He seems to have first dealt with the subject in 1861, when he published "A Few Words on Swimming, with Practical Hints to Beginners," under the pseudonym of "Ralph Harrington." These "Words" he reprinted in 1868, with "a bibliographical list of works on swimming by Olphar Hamst" (anagram of "Ralph Thomas"). Now comes this very much more elaborate work, "the result of many years' labor" (*sic*), which cannot but be of the profoundest interest for all lovers of the "natatory" art. Personally, I am most delighted with the typographical eccentricities in which Mr. Thomas indulges. They are simply delightful; but what trouble they must have given to his printers!

Often in this column have I protested against the needless "introductions" which disfigure the reprints of literary classics—as if a literary classic wanted any introduction whatever! It is possible, however, to go to extremes in this matter. Sometimes some explanation is

imperative if the ordinary reader is not to be thoroughly misled. Here, for example, is a pretty little booklet, published by Messrs. Newnes, and called "Shakespeare's



MISS ENID WELSFORD

[Photo. W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill]

Poems and Songs"; and behold! it includes the whole of "The Passionate Pilgrim," without a word to make it clear that only a few of the pieces in it can reasonably be ascribed to Shakespeare. Some, we know for certain, were by Marlowe and by Barnfield, and yet here they are blandly and uncritically ascribed to the Bard of Avon.

I said the other day how nice it would be to have the "Verses, Translations, and Fly-Leaves" of C. S. Calverley all in a little volume which one could carry about with one. But now that I have seen the book I withdraw my enthusiasm. The paper used is so thin that the letterpress of one page is largely obscured by that of the next one, and nothing would induce me to read Calverley in this fashion. Publishers should look to this. There is a limit to the "compactness" of volumes; whatever else a book may be, it should, emphatically, be *readable*. Curiously enough, the publishers of this little Calverley book send out simultaneously a thin-paper edition of Emerson which is quite delightful.

The announcement of a new work by Mr. W. H. Ride-ing recalls the fact that a certain number of that writer's books, though published in most instances in New York, have been circulated in this country. For example, "Boys in the Mountains and on the Plains" (1882), "Boys Coastwise or All Along the Shore" (1884), "The Young Folks' History of London" (1884), "The Little Upstart" (1885), "Thackeray's London: Haunts and Scenes of His Novels" (1885), "The Boyhood of Living Authors" (1887), "In the Land of Lorna Doone, and Other Excursions" (1895), and "The Captured Cunarder: an Episode of the Atlantic" (1896).

In my paragraph last week on collections of amatory verse I forgot to mention the little book of "English Love Lyrics," contributed by Mr. Percy Hulburd to the "Canterbury Poets" series. That volume, however, was limited to the amatory verse produced between 1500 and 1800, and I was thinking only of those anthologies which cover the whole ground between, say, Chaucer and Tennyson. I am reminded by a correspondent of a volume of Tudor and Stuart love-songs, published of late years, which I had ignored for the same reason. We still await the perfect collection of love lyrics. It is so easy to collect, so difficult to select.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

More Walpole

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Vols. V.-VIII. (Clarendon Press. 6s. each net.)

WE have already welcomed Mrs. Paget Toynbee's admirable edition of these immortal letters. The restraint and lucidity of her treatment are as conspicuous in these volumes as in their predecessors. The notes are as brief and punctual as signals on a railway; they inform the reader only to speed him. And talking of railways, we can imagine no better promise of a pleasant journey than one of these volumes slipped into a portmanteau. The present writer has tried it, and found Walpole as good as an added twenty miles an hour. The sparkle, newness, amiability, polish, observation and unfailing wit of the man are irresistible.

Take the volume in question, the fifth. It opens in 1760, between the accession and coronation of George III., an interval greatly enlivened by the arrival of Queen Charlotte and her marriage to that monarch. The Court is forming, politics are taking new complexions, and the minds of hackney-coachmen are pleasingly disturbed. Walpole is in the midst of it, or within hail of it, all. Yet his own life of elegant connoisseurship and amateur authorship goes on with little interruption, albeit with diminished chances of notoriety. In November, 1760, the first volume of his "Anecdotes of Painting" is ready for the press. But then, as now, public events affected the book-market, and Walpole was not the man to miss the fact. Writing of the book to George Montagu he says: "You are one of the few that I expect will be entertained with it." Gray is already enthusiastic. But the public is another horse.

"As it is quite foreign from all popular topics, I don't suppose it will be much attended to. There is not a word of Methodism in it, it says nothing of the disturbances in Ireland, it does not propose to keep all Canada, it neither flatters the King of Prussia nor Prince Ferdinand, it does not say that the City of London are the wisest set of men in the world, it is silent about George Townshend, and does not abuse My Lord George Sackville—how should it please?"

Nevertheless Walpole goes on to beg his friend to inquire whether in a church of Beckley, or Becksley, in Sussex (he means Bexhill) there are portraits on glass, in a window, of Henry III. and his Queen. Because, if so, "I will have them drawn for the frontispiece to my work."

"I will have them drawn for the frontispiece to my work." It was thus that gentlemen authors of that portly quarto period worked to fill our libraries and auction rooms with splendid volumes of county history, antiquarian "anecdotes," and the like. Time has not revived the glories of that particular phase of book-making and book-selling. It was the age of itinerant portrait and "view" painting. It was the age of night sales at which sociable collectors sat under ribald auctioneers, and at which noblemen were as commonly seen as they were at boxing and trotting matches fifty years later. To the antiquaries, indeed, had fallen some of the patronage which had been withdrawn from poets and men of letters. The Duke of Roxburghe had his train of engravers and buyers, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Warwick theirs, and wealthy importers like Charles Townley, Sir William Hamilton, and Lord Elgin kept the connoisseurs in a ferment. Horace

Walpole, antiquary and patron in one, had his retinue of artists and purveyors, whose movements he directed from Strawberry Hill. His lordly book-making and collecting supply a thousand pleasant passages in his letters. Thus, to the same correspondent, in 1761, he sends these pithy instructions as from one connoisseur to another: "Pray pick me up any prints of lord-lieutenants, Irish bishops, ladies, nay, or Patriots; but I will not trouble you for a snuff-box or tooth-pick case, made of a bit of the Giant's Causey." For collectors of such trifles, Walpole's contempt was that of a man who—as a famous passage in Macaulay reminds us—pursued "researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel."

In these summer months, when the sight-seers are abroad in the land, it is amusing to find Walpole laughing impatiently at their bee-like sippings after information. It is from Houghton, the home of his youth, that he writes (again to George Montagu):

"A party arrived just as I did to see the house, a man and three women in riding dresses, and they rode post through the apartments—I could not hurry before them fast enough. They were not so long in *seeing* for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers*—they come, ask what such a room is called, in which Sir Robert lay, write it down, admire a lobster or a cabbage in a marketplace, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be overdressed. How different my sensations! Not a picture here but recalls a history; not one but I remember in Downing Street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though *seeing* them as little as these travellers!"

It would be a pleasant exercise to match the events, topics, and conditions of to-day in Walpole's Letters. These form a standing commentary. Even the recent earthquake in the Midlands may well have produced some incident closely resembling Walpole's story in a letter dated August 15, 1763, of a Thames angler so intent on his line that he saw less of the earthquake's agitation of the river than a party of gentlemen looking from a distant window at the same spot. But we cannot linger on these multi-fascinating pages: space is inexorable, and in the end we are as the *seers* at Houghton.

Miss Edgeworth

MARIA EDGEWORTH. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. English Men of Letters. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

MISS LAWLESS sums up her volume thus:—"It has been the woman that has been desired to be shown in them,"—the pages of the book—"rather than the author, the wit, the moralist, or anything else of the sort." This sentence is not luminous, but it points clearly enough to the defect in Miss Lawless' work, for in a contribution to the English Men of Letters series we do look to find the subject of the memoir dealt with as an author as well as a personality. Miss Lawless has not attempted to write fully of Miss Edgeworth as an author, therefore one cannot blame her for failure in an attempt which, mistakenly, she has not seen fit to make; but it is worse that she has failed in her endeavour to paint a speaking portrait of the woman. An Irish writer of great ability drawing the portrait of an Irishwoman of genius should

have succeeded where writers of greater gifts of other race might be forgiven for ill success, and Miss Lawless points out truly enough that previous biographers have neglected not only the Irish influences on Miss Edgeworth's character but also her Irish writings as Irish work, which is correct of both Mr. Hare and Miss Zimmern. We have to point to one matter as the chief cause of Miss Lawless' failure, namely that she has allowed the background of her portrait to minimise the values of the lights and shadows in the figure of the person depicted; Miss Edgeworth does not stand out distinctly from the group by which she is surrounded, her father, Thomas Day, Scott and others; in short the volume is a brief study of Maria Edgeworth and her Times rather than—as we think it should be—a critical study of Maria Edgeworth and her Work.

Of the new matter provided us one letter and a list of the prices paid Miss Edgeworth for her works are pleasant additions to our knowledge. The whole of her work brought her in over £11,000, and some of the prices are by no means bad, such as £2,100 for "Patronage" and £1,100, obtained through Lockhart's instrumentality, for "Helen." But then £100 for "Castle Rackrent"! No lover of Irish literature can but rank this inimitable picture of life very highly, but Miss Lawless permits her enthusiasm to run away with her judgment when writing of it that it is "the best Irish novel or story . . . which has as yet seen the light"; to recall the name of Carleton only is to rebut that statement. The letter referring to "Castle Rackrent" is so interesting that we will quote it in full:—

"Edgeworthstown, Sept. 6, 1834.

" . . . The only character drawn from the life in 'Castle Rackrent' is Thady himself, the teller of the story. He was an old steward (not very old, though, at that time; I added to his age, to allow him time for the generations of the family). I heard him when I first came to Ireland, and his dialect struck me, and his character; and I became so acquainted with it, that I could think and speak in it without effort; so that when, for mere amusement, without any idea of publishing, I began to write a family history as Thady would tell it, he seemed to stand beside me and dictate; and I wrote as fast as my pen could go. The characters are all imaginary. Of course they must have been compounded of persons I had seen, or incidents I had heard, but how compounded I do not know; not by 'long forethought,' for I had never thought of them till I began to write, and had made no sort of plan, sketch, or framework. There is a fact, mentioned in a note, of Lady Cathcart having been shut up by her husband, Mr. M'Guire, in a house in the neighbourhood. So much I knew, but the characters are totally different from what I had heard. Indeed, the real people had been so long dead, that little was known of them. Mr. M'Guire had no resemblance, at all events, to my Sir Kit, and I knew nothing of Lady Cathcart, but that she was fond of money, and would not give up her diamonds. Sir Condy's history was added two years afterwards: it was not drawn from life, but the goodnatured and indolent extravagance was suggested by a relation of mine long since dead. All the incidents are pure invention; the duty work, and duty fowl, facts."

The other new letters are bright and amusing, but no more, and we must again join issue with Miss Lawless, who rates Miss Edgeworth very highly as a writer of letters. The most pleasing portion of the volume is that devoted to the later years of Miss Edgeworth, which are indeed more interesting in themselves by reason of the withdrawal of her father's blighting influence. Never was woman great under such terrible temptation to be petty.

W. T. S.

A Committee of Experts

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY. Vol. VIII.: "The French Revolution." (The Cambridge Press. 16s. net.)

THE great work planned by Lord Acton, and now carried out by an able body of successors, is making good progress. The preference has so far been given to what one may call the controversial subjects, though little in history is not controversial. But the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the rise of the United States are alike in requiring not only careful investigation, but much argument and many judgments on matters still in dispute. The latest volume issued treats perhaps the most thorny and difficult of European periods. The Napoleonic time has the unity of one overmastering personality; the post-Napoleonic time is generally uninteresting in its absence of great movements and great men till the upheaval of 1848 and the revival of the nationalities. But the French Revolution touched every state, affected every thinker, overthrew, or seemed to overthrow, all landmarks of policy and government, and yet was not a single movement but a whirl of conflicting eddies, and its prominent men were great by accident and circumstance rather than by native power of mind or character.

That this volume should have succeeded in preserving a certain unity of purpose, and even of style, when written by thirteen different authors—one of them French—is indeed a triumph for the plan devised by Lord Acton and the diligent oversight of the three editors, Dr. Ward, Dr. G. W. Prothero, and Mr. Stanley Leathes. Each writer takes some special aspect of the period. Professor F. C. Montague, for instance, discusses the constitutional questions of the *ancien régime* and the rise of the National Assembly; Mr. H. W. Wilson is entrusted with his own subject of naval warfare; Professor Paul Viollet, of the Ecole des Chartes, discourses of Revolutionary Law, and traces the early history of the great French code, which has gone over the world under Napoleon's name. Each chapter has its appended bibliography, giving a classified summary of the authorities for that part of the period.

It is impossible to discuss in detail the historical narrative of this composite work. Its merits are great and obvious; it gives the last word on each aspect of the French Revolution, by an historian who has specialised not only on the Revolution, but on one particular side of the movement. On the other hand there is a certain lack of wide generalisation, and a certain dryness of style inherent in the co-operative method of writing. None of the thirteen authors cares to encroach on the fields of his colleagues, nor will any let his individual accent be heard in literary style, for fear of a jarring note. But truth is far better than an interesting style in matters of history. "The Cambridge Modern History" is a work of reference; and if it is less enthralling than Carlyle's apocalyptic vision of the Revolution, its accuracy is almost as unfailing as his inaccuracy.

One demand I should like to make—for maps in the volume. No doubt an atlas will complete the work; but a separate atlas is never very satisfactory. Campaigns by land and sea can hardly be understood without clear maps. There is an occasional obscurity in the military history, due to extreme compression. I could wish that the chapters on Philosophy and the Revolution, and on Europe and the French Revolution, at the beginning and end of the volume, had been either longer and more systematic, or expunged altogether. By the necessary limits of space they are reduced to rather desultory

series of paragraphs on men and books—too meagre for the uninformed, and unnecessary for the well-read. The influence of literature on the Revolution and of the Revolution on literature is in any case vague and hard to estimate. If the Cambridge authors had gone in for "The Philosophy of History," like some German writers of "Weltgeschichte," literary generalisations would have seemed in place; as it is, the first and last chapters seem to break away from the scheme of the volume.

I note (p. 497) a rather misleading account of the Archduke Charles' great campaign of 1796. He is credited with an army of 150,000, opposed to two French armies of 70,000 and 45,000. No doubt he had this number before the campaign opened; but garrisons and heavy drafts for Italy soon reduced the Austrian forces below the French on the Rhine. Otherwise there would have been no reason for the skilful retreat and concentration that immortalised the Archduke. Moreau, too, was defeated by the Archduke after the overthrow of Jourdan, and this is not mentioned.

These are minor details, however, and I only mention them because, where all is so good, it is a pity to leave even a small oversight. If the rest of "The Cambridge Modern History" series answers to its first volumes it will be one of the most valuable, though least showy, of historical works.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

THE BURNS COUNTRY. By Charles S. Dougall. (London: A. & C. Black. 6s.)

THE enthusiast of the works and memory of Burns—that is, Mr. Henley's "common Burnsite"—is too often at odds with historic fact and judicious criticism. But not of this class is the headmaster of Dollar Academy, whose love for all that concerns the poet has begotten this book.

"I have wandered," he says, "on the banks of the rivers and streams which owe much of their romance to him; I have visited his homes and haunts in Ayrshire and Nithsdale; and I have picked up on the way stories of himself and his friends, and facts and traditions concerning the people who lived and fought and suffered in his country. The land of Burns can also claim to be the land of Bruce and Wallace. It was the home of Lollards and Covenanters; it witnessed centuries of feudal strife. Galt and Boswell, Ainslie and Cunningham, Burns and Scott, are among those who have invested it with the charm of literary association."

This quotation affords an epitome of the charming book which has been the outcome of Mr. Dougall's labours, backed by a wide knowledge of history and literature. From Ayr, the town of Burns' boyhood and the gateway to his country, the author conducts the reader, by chapter stages, over all the places in any way associated with the poet, on to the scene of the last tragedy (darkest of all in Burns' imagination) in Dumfries. Scarcely a house or ruin in the region covered but has its history or its unhistorical, but none the less picturesque, tradition, which Mr. Dougall weaves into his full but never diffuse narrative. Despite his own protest he has a weak side for the Covenanters, and prefers the lurid story told by Wodrow of John Brown's martyrdom to that which Claverhouse himself furnished to his employers. But on the whole he is a judicious as well as an entertaining travelling companion. He utters a warning, for instance, against any story the visitor may hear about a medallion bust of Burns fixed on the wall of an old-fashioned house in Sanquhar, about which, however, the owner was perfectly frank:—

"Weel, ye see, a man up at the brickworks got an order for ane o' thae things, so he made twa; an', says he tae me: 'Ye're a great Burns man, ye should stick this up on the wa' o' yer hoose. Weel, I kent it was an auld hoose, and some great folk had been connectit wi' t, and he wisna wantin' mickle for 't, sae I jist pit it up, an' mony a ane has stoppit an' glow'd at it, I can tell ye."

It is thus, adds the author, that legends are made. With such a guide a walking tour in the Burns country becomes brimful, not only of Burns lore, but of wider historical association. Messrs. Black have done their share to make the volume of real utility as a handbook, for it is not only very well indexed, but it is provided with fifty full-page illustrations, and with a tinted and indexed map of the region covered by Mr. Dougall's title.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS DECLARED "BLESSED" BY LEO XIII. IN 1886 AND 1895. Completed and edited by Dom Bede Comm. O.S.B. Vol. I. Martyrs under Henry VIII. (Burns & Oates. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a work from many hands. The Oratory is represented by Father Keogh and Father Stanton, both deceased, the Society of Jesus by the late Father Morris and by Father Pollen, to whom the Benedictine editor attributes with himself a joint responsibility.

The decree of beatification of 1886 comprised fifty-four names; to this list nine others were added in 1895. The Roman Catholic Church in England owes this public recognition of her martyrs to the energy that awoke with the restoration of the hierarchy in the middle of the last century, and among individuals particularly to Father Morris, S.J., through whose ingenuity the cautious but rather cumbersome machinery of the Roman tribunal was set to a swifter than its normal pace. Briefly, his contention—a contention which was ultimately allowed—was that the case in respect of these candidates for the honours of the calendar fell under an exceptional clause of the decree of Urban VIII. (1634) regulating the procedure in causes of canonisation. In this case the frescoes—or rather the lists of the persons who had figured in the destroyed frescoes—of the English College in Rome were accepted as sufficient evidence of such spontaneous recognition on the part of the Church as was contemplated in the exception alluded to.

This first volume is of especial interest for the reason that the martyrs whose names are comprised in it are persons whom, in these days, all can recognise as such in the strict sense that they gave their lives as witnesses. There can be no suggestion of treason or treachery in the case of Sir Thomas More, or Cardinal Fisher, or Margaret, Countess of Salisbury. These persons died precisely in vindication of their obedience to the Holy See. This is made sufficiently evident in Dr. Gairdner's "History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century" and in the same writer's essay on the reign of Henry VIII. in the "Cambridge Modern History"; but to readers who know as little as till a few years ago was generally known of this phase of English Reformation history, Father Camm's conspectus, in his introduction, may be safely recommended. The suddenness and completeness of the severance from Rome, in spite of so many distinguished champions of the Papacy, are at first sight difficult to understand. Father Camm sums up the causes and circumstances which explain them briefly but with excellent lucidity. And among them he is not afraid to lay emphasis upon the dis-

credit done to the central authority by the Great Schism, of which the wound was yet green in the heart of the papacy.

The lives in this first volume are forty in number. Some of them have appeared in print before, but all have been revised and several have been re-written by the present editor, to whom for his very capable work are due the thanks not only of the Roman Catholic but of the general public.

Fiction

THE CROSSING. By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan, 6s.) Mr. Churchill's historical novels do not follow each other in order of date, but when the series is completed we shall possess a history of America in novel form which will be distinctly interesting. "The Crossing" covers a period perhaps the most exciting and important in the story of American development, the period in which the hardy and adventurous settlers conquered for themselves the Louisiana territory. By placing his hero in the very current of the stormy tide of affairs at this time, Mr. Churchill carries us with him on a flood of perilous adventures which have the additional charm of being historical facts, and accompanied by people who are mostly real characters, men who made the American nation what it is. That one forgets at times the novel and thinks only of this book as being a history—and a very clever and absorbingly interesting history—is a compliment to the gripping qualities of the author's style and the thoroughness of his research—not that the story of the hero is not fascinating enough, but it becomes subsidiary in interest to the history of a nation with which it is so closely interwoven. There is material for a dozen novels here, and the more credit is due to Mr. Churchill for the clever manner in which he has caught up the threads of a web most widely spread over time and space and woven them into a vivid and well-finished tapestry with no loose ends floating. He has also put the heroic and startling adventures of his hero into the man's own mouth without making him, either as boy or man, seem a prig.

BROKE OF COVENDEN. By J. C. Snaith. (Constable, 6s.) Mr. Snaith is clearly a disciple of Mr. Meredith—a disciple that does not discredit his master. His work has the Meredithian humour and almost the treatment. "Broke of Covenden" has some exceptional qualities. It is a striking study of a man, an impoverished and almost ruined squire, the representative of a long line of ancestors, stiff in his invincible pride and arrogance. It is the story of his obstinate yet heroic fight against overwhelming odds. Foredoomed to failure, he never acknowledges defeat, but fights blindly to the last. "A very stalwart of a man, fed upon our honest English beef and ale, he had a curious impregnability to the time of day. . . . His acres, his accidental status, his hereditary merit, he found impossible to reverence too much." He jealously guards his son and daughters, who all but two are as proud as he. He beats himself on the wheel of circumstance, refusing to march with the times or recognise that he is living in the nineteenth century. His only son marries a shopgirl, and Delia, his youngest daughter, runs away to marry the editor of a literary paper—a person quite beyond the pale in the eyes of Broke of Covenden. It is a sombre story, as the true history of decay must be. Besides Mr. Broke, there is a capital sketch of his brother-in-law, Lord Bosket, of whom his own wife said, "I sometimes think, if your uncle Charles was not the head of one of the best families in England, he would be the commonest man in the world." "Broke of Covenden" cannot be described; it should be read.

A LOST EDEN. By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson, 6s.) A novel of an old type, but written with no slipshod method; one that will be read to-day with the same conviction and enthusiasm as the author's earlier books were read some

twenty years ago. There is no novelty, perhaps, in the noble and beautiful girl, stranded in life, who goes forth into the wicked world to earn her own livelihood; to be tempted by the seducer, loved by her pupils, and in the end married by her employer: of such are the mainsprings of perennial stories. The heroine in this case is of that rare virtue which always stands in its own light; calling a spade a spade just when all parties concerned have agreed to bury the past. Miss Braddon's heroine has to choose between two men: the one an artist, noble born; and the other a widower of forty. The one comes into her grey life and offers her, with the utmost vulgarity, a five years' lease of happiness and irresponsibility; offers her, indeed, a revelation of love, but the love that comes hand in hand with dishonour. He tells her that love grants all, risks all; but she recognises in him only the destroyer and sensualist. The other choice, the widower, is owner of a fleet of ships. For ten years he has lived alone; and then love comes his way unsought and unawares. The fresh young face of the children's governess awakens in him again the spirit of love and coaxes youth into his humdrum life. He pictures her at the head of his table in Portman Square, entertaining two or three times a year his twenty guests. He offers her honourable love, honourable position. Which shall she choose; for whom the lost Eden? Candidly, the garden of Eden is responsible for a good many things; but it has never been hinted before that there was room there for a widower, his two children and their governess! Many a young writer full of a newer school might build with advantage on Miss Braddon's safe technique.

PEACEABLE FRUITS. By Cranstoun Metcalfe. (Melrose, 6s.) Simplicity is the keynote of this book—simplicity in thought, action and surroundings. The theme flows as clearly limpid and as pure as a country stream, and there are no wild rapids crossed, no muddy depths stirred in the course it runs. The story is the oft-told one of two men who love the same woman and, as usual, it is the unworthy one who wins her. Hugh Larkom's life of stern self-repression and generous self-sacrifice win for him at last his brother and rival's regeneration, and the peace and happiness of the woman for whom he gave up his all. The author has done well with all his characters, but particularly with Hugh, a man of reserved strength, of poetic fancy, a mute, inglorious Milton, who, although his poetic gift reaches no actual fulfilment, yet has a life whose fulness of achievement is fitly rounded off by his death. Now and then he suggests Adam Bede, perhaps unavoidably. Very cleverly has the author drawn the deeply religious side of the man's nature without making him a prig. There are one or two people in the book of whom we would like to see more, notably the Doctor and the old Earl. The latter stands out so distinctly from the canvas that we regret his two appearances are so brief. The Doctor is delightful; in fact, all the characters are distinct and well drawn. The village is capitally sketched, and the scenic descriptions altogether are charmingly fresh and true.

Reprints and New Editions

Every man can now have his own first edition of the **PICKWICK PAPERS**, with a difference (The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books, Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.) The difference affects the market value, but not the pleasure of the reader, who may now enjoy the delightful old plates of Seymour and "Phiz," Onwhyn and Buas, for a very small sum. It is a stretch of imagination to call it a "pocket" volume, the weight alone precluding such use. The plates are excellently printed, as are all the plates in this admirable series. Few of us who first read "Pickwick" in our early youth desire, I think, to read from cover to cover again; but one of the very real charms of Dickens is to be found in skimming over the pages, reading here and there a bit, smiling at some amusing remark in this chapter, meeting an old acquaintance in the next. Another Dickens volume sent me this week is **DAVID COPPERFIELD** (Collins), with sixteen capital illustrations.

They are, I notice, by Mr. W. H. C. Groome, whose name might well have been put on the title-page. It is a pleasure to find a Dickens illustrator who gives us real life-like people, instead of grotesque unimaginable creatures of the imagination. Some of us think Dickens needs no illustrations, but those who demand illustrations will do well to buy this volume. From the same publishers I have in my hand *KENILWORTH* (1s. and 2s. net each); the illustrations of which I cannot commend so highly as in the case of the fellow-volume. It is a dainty book, printed on thin paper, bound in red leather, and with gilt edges. A new edition of *THE WORKS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON* (York Library, Bell, leather 3s. net, cloth 2s. net), to be completed in four volumes, makes a good beginning with "Essays and Representative Men." The type is clear and bold, while the volume is light in the hand. Emerson is not read as much as he should be in England. His eminently lucid and sane writings deserve better welcome. Perhaps Messrs. Bell's neat reprint will obtain wider recognition for his works. Mrs. Jameson's *SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES* (Temple Classics, Dent, 1s. 6d. net) is another reprint of the week. These studies, written "not to present a complete commentary on Shakespeare's women," but "to throw into a pleasing and intelligible form some observations on the natural workings of mind and feeling in my own sex," abundantly fulfil their writer's intention. Messrs. Dent do well to include this volume in their series. Now for verse. First, *THE POEMS OF GEORGE WITHER* (Newnes' Pocket Classics, 3s. net). He is one of the poets who do indeed "honour by their sonneting." This selection, I notice, does not include Wither's religious poems, written in 1641. It contains, however, "Philarete," as well as many shorter pieces. A charming poet in a suitable binding. *VERSES, TRANSLATIONS, AND FLY-LEAVES*, by C. S. Calverley (Pocket-Book Classics, Bell, 2s. net), and *HAMLET*, in the same series, complete my reprints this week. These small books, which are meant to be slipped into the pocket-book, to rub shoulders with memoranda, stamps and bills, are very light in weight, although clearly printed in fairly bold type. So that even if one does not carry a pocket-book, or desire to have "Hamlet" in such motley company, one may still desire to buy these dainty little books. F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

On July 18 Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's new book, "A Bachelor in Arcady."—The success of the 2s. 6d. edition of Professor Villari's "Life of Savonarola" has encouraged Mr. Unwin to bring out a similar re-issue of the Professor's "Life of Machiavelli." It will be ready on July 18, and will be adorned with a photogravure frontispiece.—A new edition of Mr. W. B. Yeats' "Irish Fairy Tales" will be published by Mr. Unwin on July 18 in the shilling re-issue of "The Children's Library."—A new edition (the nineteenth) of Murray's "Handbook for Switzerland" will be published during the next few days by Mr. Edward Stanford. The scheme of the handbook has been entirely recast, and the text has been thoroughly revised and very largely re-written. The work is now comprised in a single volume, which, while being more convenient to handle, contains as much useful matter as the former edition in two volumes.—The Rev. Thos. F. Lockyer, B.A., has prepared a volume of sermons for the "English Preachers" series, issued by Mr. Francis Griffiths, under the title "Seeking a Country."—In the same series will be issued a volume of sermons preached to children by Canon Teignmouth Shore, M.A., entitled "Saint George for England."—Volumes are in preparation by the Rev. Dr. G. F. Pentecost, the Rev. J. B. Mayor, M.A., and others.—A new edition is just ready of Canon T. K. Cheyne's work on "Jeremiah: His Life and Times," which forms one of the volumes in "The Men of the Bible" series, published by Mr. Francis Griffiths; and in a few days a new edition of Dr. S. R. Driver's volume on "Isaiah" in the same series will be ready.—Mr. Heinemann announces a new series of reprints under the title of "Heinemann's Favourite Classics," in sixpenny cloth volumes. They claim to be

distinguished by an exceedingly convenient *format*, large, legible print, specially made clean paper, flexible but durable binding, a photogravure frontispiece plate, a pure text, and introductions by the first critics of the day. The series will start with an edition of the "Works of Shakespeare," each play forming a sixpenny cloth volume. The first four volumes, to be ready next week, will be "Hamlet," "Richard III.," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Twelfth Night," with introductions by Georg Brandes.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

Hancock, T., *The Pulpit and the Press* (Brown, Langham), 6/0.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

Lawless, The Hon. Emily, Maria Edgeworth (Macmillan), 2/0 net.
Sheehan, The Very Rev. P. A., D.D., *Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise* (Longmans), 3/6.
Walsford, Enid, *The Seagulls* (Putnam), 4/0 net.
Potter, C., *The Purgatorio and Paradise* (translated), (Digby, Long), 7/6 net.
Thomas, Herbert, *Cornish Songs and Ditties* (Privately), 1/0.

History and Biography

Haggard, Lieut.-Col. A. C. P., *Louis XIV.* (Hutchinson), 16/0 net.
Winsip, G. P., *The Journey of Coronado* (Barnes), \$1.
Præd, Mrs. Campbell, *My Australian Girlhood* (Unwin), 6/0 net.
Boulger, Demetrius C., *Belgian Life* (Newnes), 3/6 net.

Travel and Topography

Morris, J. E., *The North Riding of Yorkshire* (Methuen), 3/0.

Art

Cronan, G., *Titian* (Duckworth), 7/6 net.
Constable's Sketches (Newnes), 3/6 net.

Educational

Fletcher, C. R. L., *An Introductory History of England from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Middle Ages* (Murray), 7/6.
Yates, M. T., LL.D., *A History of the British Empire* (Book IV.) (Dent, The Temple History Readers), 1/9 net.
About, E., *Délivrance de Schults* (Black), 0/9.
Reynolds, J. B., *The British Isles* (Black), 2/0.

Miscellaneous

U.S.A. Geological Survey, Reports, &c.
Windle, B. C. A., *Remains of the Prehistoric Age in England* (Methuen), 7/6 net.
Brönnie, P., *The Awakening of the Soul* (translated) (Orient Press), 1/6 net.
Harris, S. H., *Party Government* (Chapman & Hall), 1/0 net.

Fiction

Hamilton, Cosmo, "The Passing of Arthur" (Nash), 3/6; London, Jack, "A Daughter of the Snows" (Isbister), 6/0; Crane, Stephen, and Barr, Robert, "The O'Ruddy" (Methuen), 6/0; Le Poer, J. P., "A Modern Legionary" (Methuen), 6/0; Bulley, H. A., "The Church and the World" (Greening), 6/0; Helm, W. H., "The Blue Fox" (Nash), 3/6; Aubyn, V. St., "The Indian Gem" (Digby, Long), 6/0; Grant, Sadi, "A Japanese House Party" (Digby, Long), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions

Burgoyne, F. J. (edited), *Leycester's Commonwealth* (Longmans), 7/6 net.
Walier, A. R. (edited), *Crashaw's Poems* (Cambridge University Press), 4/6 net.
Clifford, The Rev. John, D.D., *The Christian Certainties* (Isbister), 1/0 net.
Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers* (Methuen), 3/6 net.
Chambers, G. F., *The Tourists' Pocket Book* (Rees), 1/6 net.
Wither, George, *Poems* (Newnes), 2/6 net.
Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (Bell, Pocket Book Classics), 1/6, 2/0, 2/6 net.
Dickens, Charles, *David Copperfield* (Collins), 1/0, 2/0 net.
Scott, Sir Walter, *Kenilworth* (Collins), 1/0, 2/0 net.
Shakespeare's *Poems and Songs* (Newnes), 2/6 net.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, *Poems* (Newnes), 3/6 net.
Rutherford, Mark, i. *The Autobiography*, ii. *Delivrance*, iii. *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* (Unwin), 1/0 each net.

Sixpenny Reprints

Braddon, M. E., *The Trail of the Serpent*.

Periodicals, &c.

"American Journal of Archaeology," "Yorkshire Notes and Queries," "Windsor," "Devon Notes and Queries," "The Forum," "The Critic."

Booksellers' Catalogues

Edwards, Francis (*General, Plates, and Autos.*), High Street, Marylebone;
Palmer, C. S. (*General and Rare*), Bedford Hill, Balham; Blackwell, B. H. (*European Philology*), Broad Street, Oxford; Thorp, T. (*General*), Broad Street, Reading; Quaritch, B. (*General and Rare*), Piccadilly; Maurice, A. (*General*), Bedford Street, Covent Garden; Sotheman, Henry (*Science and General*), Strand.

Foreign

Enting, J., *Mandaeischer Diwan* (Trübner), 10m.

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XX.—Billy Booth and His Amelia

THE epics of "Tom Jones" and "Amelia" ought to be given to every girl on her eighteenth birthday. Many would find these works coarse, deficient in romance and fine sentiments, dull here and there, and prosaic from beginning to end. Nevertheless, carefully read and taken to heart, they would save women from innumerable mistakes and tears. Tom Jones and Billy Booth are not heroes, not philosophers, not men of intellectual tastes or intellectual professions, but they are men; they spring from a sound stock, and, while they bear no sort of resemblance to the ultra-virile bully of costume plays and fiction, they are certainly robust animals who take little interest in the soul. Amelia often fears that her Billy is an atheist—"a consideration which did not diminish her affection for him, although it gave her great uneasiness." We are first, and properly, introduced to him in circumstances as little pleasing as they well can be; but we are made to feel at once, by the ingenious play of the narrative, that he is strong in body, weak in will, warm-hearted, quick-tempered, no fool, yet a duffer. He adores Amelia, but he cannot resist the flattery of Miss Matthews. Odysseus with Calypso was not more devoted to the absent Penelope than is Billy, at supper with Miss Matthews, to his dear Amelia at home. It is not hard to understand Booth's love for Amelia—every man she meets falls in love with her. But why should Amelia so idolise Booth? He is not always sober, he is constantly in debt, his imprudence knows no limits, his jealousy is insane, he has no brilliant gifts in conversation, and he is susceptible, to say the least, to the attractions of every good-looking woman he meets. What, then, are Billy's charms? He has a fine figure, he is handsome, and he is affectionate. When Amelia has a cold he sits by her side and refuses to leave her; when she is seriously ill he suffers more than she. He thinks she is perfection, and he praises incessantly her beauty, her character, her children, and her sense. In other words, he has the art of making Amelia feel that she is appreciated. There is a fine touch toward the end of the epic when Billy confesses an infidelity which he had not the courage, for months, to acknowledge.

"I cannot now forgive you," she answers after a short silence; "and my reason is—because I have forgiven it long ago." She had received an anonymous letter on the subject.

Now there are many despotic wives who might regard Amelia as a fool. In the supposed injury to their own self-importance and vanity they would have quarrelled spitefully with Booth and lost, perhaps, their influence over him for ever. But Amelia, having considered the circumstances, which were peculiar, and relying on her knowledge of Billy's generous disposition, saw that his own remorse was in itself punishment enough for the fault.

It is not my intention to give any account of Fielding's great novel; I want to draw attention only to its wisdom and usefulness, and contrast it with many well-written foreign and English novels of the present day, which, so far from being either wise or useful, add industriously to the unhappiness of young girls and women. I say girls and women because men are not led

away by misrepresentations of domestic life and social facts; they have, to begin with, every opportunity afforded them of learning the truth, and, just as they are more direct in all their actions than women, they are clearer in their thoughts—when they have them. But the average man is not thoughtful; he is as little thoughtful as Jones and Booth; he feels, and that is enough for him. It is seldom enough for the average modern woman. She broods over her emotions, cherishes them, enjoys them, and, far too often, stimulates them artificially by feeding them on unwholesome literature. Much so-called goody-goody literature is quite poisonous, and many respectable tales are shocking because of their imbecility. A book may be unwholesome on account of its sickliness, and this is the peculiar fault of many works which are regarded, by parents, as safe. They are not safe; their flimsy pictures of love and marriage enervate the mind, and, where it should be prepared to encounter bravely the adversities of life and its disappointments, it is soon made unfit for everything except falsehoods, discontent and chagrin. Fielding is not an idealist—idealism is not for the majority—but he is a moralist who, by his very moderation, produces a sounder impression, and preaches a better lesson than can ever be achieved by exaggerated statements on behalf of the angels, or against them. What sane person would not sooner read in two lines that Amelia could make a good mutton broth than be given twenty pages describing a *détraquée* in the spasms of morbid jealousy? Who would not sooner be told how she pawned her best chemises and her trinkets to pay for Booth's gambling debts than be given a long unreal account of her obtaining, in a sweet conversation and a tea-gown, several thousand pounds from a Platonic admirer? The pawnshop exists; the millionaire Platonic admirer is yet to be found. And who, in his senses, would not rather believe that the beautiful young creature often lost her looks and became weary with anxieties than be bolstered up by false descriptions of the exquisite poetical effects of care, illness and hard work on the eyes and complexion? These things have but one effect, and it is destroying. Amelia's looks come back, and all ends well; "She is the finest woman of her age in England," says the author. Booth himself thinks "she is as handsome as ever." Having heard so much truth from Fielding, one does not quarrel with this reassuring conclusion:—"Nothing can equal the serenity of Billy and Amelia's lives."

One must go back to Homer for such storms and such a coming into port.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomet

A FRIEND, personally unknown to me, yet a friend as every fellow book-lover must be, has said of me that I am a luxurious, idle person, that I take no interest in the affairs of my brothers and sisters, that life to me is one long spell of reading; all of which touches me not, for I cannot afford to be idle or luxurious, I do take a very deep, if not often expressed interest in the troubles and joys of my brothers and my sisters and my life is not one dull round of interrupted reading of books. But hurt I am at the

equally untrue accusation that I spend my days surrounded by rare books in costly bindings. I as little judge a book by its binding as I do a man by his raiment; I desire my books to be clad in seemly fashion, to be printed decently, but—to put it plainly—a first and rare edition is no more to me, makes no greater appeal to my affection, than does a copy of the same work which can be purchased—hot from the press—for a few shillings. Had I the wealth of Croesus I would only use it to purchase more not more costly volumes.

WHAT have I ever said or done that it should be spoken of me that I am an epicure, a gourmet, in bindings and in rare editions? I am an epicure, I hope and trust, in literature, that and no more. What have I done or said that any one should accuse me of living by books alone? I have many joys in life, as I believe each of us has, the joy of friendship, the joy of work, the joy of peace after pain, joy in such of the good things of life as come in my way, but of all joys and consolations those of literature are to me the most welcome. That is all. I am no literary dandy; I do not pretend to any love of books that is not truly mine; I pride myself on being unorthodox not seldom—I have not read and never shall read "Paradise Lost"; Montaigne's "Essays" I cannot appreciate; but if not always orthodox, I hope I am always ready to understand that what is not my meat need not of necessity be poison.

I CANNOT understand that frame of mind which permits a man to deny the greatness of a writer for whom he cares not. I love Milton's minor poems, and admire passages I have read of "Paradise Lost." What folly it would be on my part to deny the greatness of that epic; my masters and teachers tell me it is great, and I am but a humble scholar. It does not appeal to my appetite; it does not satisfy any hunger in me—that is all. So I pass it by in all due reverence and read that which is to my taste. There is not a line that I have read of Doctor Johnson's writings I care for; yet I am fain to allow that he was a great man, only I love him not. I turn to literature for consolation, for comfort, for enjoyment, for instruction, and then my unknown friend accuses me of being a luxurious idler!

I SOMETIMES ask myself what is the essential requisite in any book that I shall read with enjoyment, and am inclined to answer that the quality without which I cannot do is humaneness. The writers that appeal to me have a heart as well as a mind, and heart as well as mind must be in their work; it is the difference between a lovely statue and a lovely human form. Not only must the heart be there, but my heart must beat in response to it; as with my friends so with my books, there must be sympathy between us. Who, then, shall say that my love of books is an idle luxury? Go to! As well cry out that love of my fellow-men is an idle luxury. I love my books and sometimes fancy that they return my affection. But fancies apart I do know this—it is not my credo, my belief, it is my knowledge—that in many a dark hour I have communed with the great and have found consolation in the pages they have given to humanity. More than this, sometimes when I have been tempted to harden my heart into cynicism, an essay, a verse, a chapter of a great tale has awakened humaneness in me, and I have been thankful to the writer who has helped me. Is it not so with many a one of you, my fellow book-lovers? We express aloud our thankfulness to God for the good things He has given;

has ever a one of us gone down upon his knees and thanked God for having given us the good fruits of literature?

I WRITE it with all reverence; we hold in our churches festivals of thanksgiving for the harvest; we pray for plenty and for peace; yet I question if ever a man or woman has offered up thanks in church for the great blessing given us of good works in literature. A harvest may fail and there will be suffering, but next year's plenty will enable us to forget this year's leanness; war may sweep over the land but peace follows in its train. These are passing ills and benefits; but think for a moment of our heritage of books and of the harvest that each year brings with it and do you not see therein a reason for deep gratitude? No man can realise or estimate the value of good books to mankind; let us be thankful that we have eyes to see with and books to read. And these days of ours are days of great favour, for a few pence, for a shilling or two, we can buy of the best.

E. G. O.

Personalities :

Miss Enid Welsford

THE three children came in from the garden; Geoffrey, Betty and Enid. They had been making a bonfire, and their faces and hands were as grubby as the naughtiest kind of little child could possibly desire. But they were just the ordinary kind of child-folk, so far as regards two-thirds of them, for Enid is an exception. She is a poetess, and an enigma, and something very little short of a genius. Here is all about her.

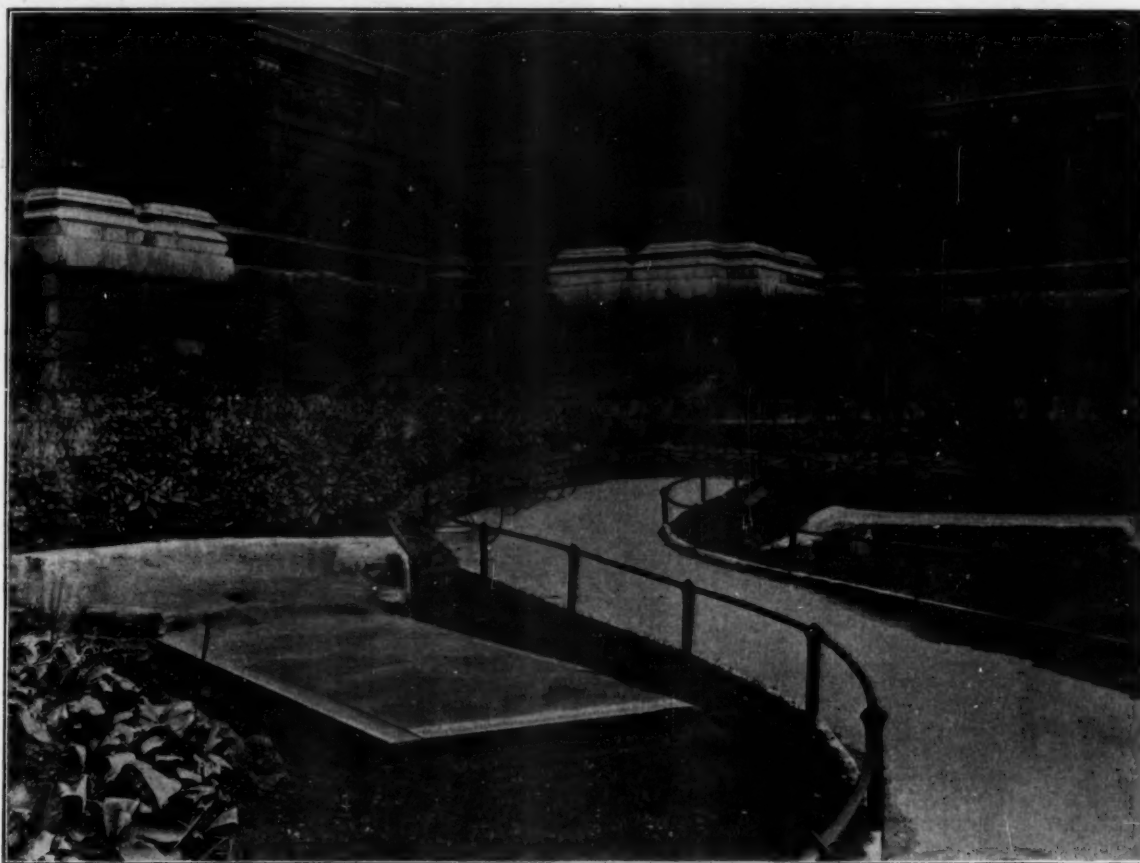
Enid Welsford is twelve years old. She has been writing poetry ever since she was seven—or, to be quite correct, she has been giving it forth ever since that age; for, truth to tell, she was at first a difficult writer, and preferred to dictate her poems, as they came to her, to her mother. But this was only just at the beginning, and now she writes them herself, and very nicely too. Her father is a Harrow house-master, and her upbringing so far has been absolutely that of an ordinary little girl. At the time she wrote her poems she had read no poets, in fact naught save the usual childish literature, and in every outward respect, in her games, with her dolls, in her talk, ideas and limitations, she was—and is—entirely the artless maid of the schoolroom.

But, and this is the marvel, by some occult and entirely unfathomable and inexplicable impulse she is endowed and blessed with the gift of poetry. No word short of genius, which is a big word, and used advisedly, expresses the marvellous power which almost unknowingly possesses her. It is impossible to account for it, even by the obvious suggestion of heredity, or in a far-fetched impalpable sort of way by some extraordinary freak of atavism. It is indeed enough to make one believe in some form of transmigration, so simple, direct and perfect is her gift of song. She cannot and does not attempt to explain it herself. In some lines written or dictated when she was seven, she says:

"Like a mist before my eyes,
Dreamy, dreamy Poetry lies.
It won't obey or honour my word;
It always comes of its own accord.
I cannot tell which way it will go,
It either comes fast, or else very slow.
Like a mist before my eyes,
Dreamy, dreamy Poetry lies."

Her sense of rhythm, rhyme and cadence is impeccable. Her father once misquoted a line by a well-known poet. Enid had never heard it before, but the

One has heard of child poets before. We all know Pet Marjorie; and there was Agnes Gracie, afterwards Mrs. James Veitch, whose lines on a white dove, written



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: REMAINS OF OLD ST. PAUL'S

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

dissonance (it was not a matter of rhyme) jarred on her ear and she exclaimed: "That can't be right, daddy, it must be so-and-so"—and so it was.

Her poems seem to come to her spontaneously; she cannot sit down and write to order, but the littlest things of daily life suggest songs to her. The rhythmic jolting of the Harrow omnibus up the long hill gave her an idea for verses which formed themselves in her head between the bottom and the top of the hill. Another time quite spontaneously she produced these lines:

THE STREAM.

Laughing around my feet
As I stand on a stepping-stone,
Coming from out a hollow rock
The stream that is all my own;
And on the stream doth float
The water-lily boat.

The rock is hollow and dark
With moss and a few sweet flowers,
And that is where the lark
Pours his notes down in showers;
And hark in the tree above,
The cooing of the dove.

before she was fifteen, are quoted by Professor Wilson in the "Noctes," but theirs was not the same sort of inspiration. This is the sort of thing that Enid wrote when she was nine:

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Come hither, come hither, and let us away,
Away while the sun goes down;
While the golden ball of fiery light
Is sinking behind the town.
Come away, come away,
From the mists so grey;
Away, oh, away from the town.

Of course some of the similes are trite, and the nature-note obvious, but the sense of rhythm and poesy is there all the time, and the mere musical instinct which impels a child to write thus seems to indicate something very much out of the common.

Enid Welsford's poems are published under the title of "Sea-gulls and other Poems," and all can judge whether the verses in bulk justify the extracts here given. I think they do.

The Drama

"The Pharisee's Wife"

To deliberately betake oneself to the theatre on a hot July afternoon is equivalent to asking evil things of fortune; but on Tuesday afternoon fate was very good to us—fate in the person of "George Paston," the author of "The Pharisee's Wife." Whether Truth lives or does not live at the bottom of a well is open to question, but, at any rate, she has little to do with the drama of to-day. It was all the more delightful, therefore, to watch the skilful development of a very human theme; no new theme of course, but a new and beautiful variation. The theme of "The Pharisee's Wife" is that of the faithless husband, who asks to be forgiven of his wife—and the wife's answer? Well, that answer is the play. The wife's immediate answer to her husband when he asks to be forgiven is: "I may be able to forgive you when you have learnt to forgive." She leaves him; she is tempted: the temptation is very real to her. The husband thinks she has sinned, at first turns from her, and then turns to her, admitting that he sinned first, and also that a man's ideal woman is not a woman of flesh and blood, and that now he realises that sinners cannot justly refuse forgiveness to their fellow-sinners. That is all.

How bald such an account seems; how unjust it is to a striking and admirable play! All the characters are human, from the biggest to the smallest; the incidents are natural, with one small exception which could easily be rectified; the dialogue is simple and true, entirely adequate both in the emotional and in the comedy portions of the play. The only grave fault, indeed, I have to find, is that on some occasions of high emotional stress the characters—more especially the husband and the wife—are too ready to explain and analyse their emotions; also a matter which can easily be remedied. The temptation, indeed, is to write of this play as if it were a perfect work of art, a miracle, which would be but a poor compliment to "George Paston." Critics are accused of many things—of arrogance, ignorance, and so forth. We are modest enough, however, and the only credit to which we would all lay claim is that when we realise that a piece of work is good we are very ready to praise it—perhaps too effusively. But to return to our Pharisee.

So well are the characters drawn and the play written that one watched the development of the plot with the same interest as one watches the doings of one's friends and relatives. We were not pulled up every now and then by unnatural speeches or stagily contrived incidents. We were in sympathy with the emotions of the characters because they lived. As a rule it is as difficult to sympathise with the sorrows and joys of a stage hero and heroine as it would be with those of waxwork figures. But "George Paston" has held up the mirror to nature and has written a striking, truthful, absorbing play. Will it succeed? We said to one another as we came out; and, alack! the too general answer was "No; it is too good." Is this a libel on the British public? The public want to be amused. Well, there is abundant comedy, as well as abundant matter to think of, in "The Pharisee's Wife."

THE acting was, on the whole, good; in two instances very good indeed. Miss Darragh acted with splendid finish and naturalness the trying part of a sick and sorry woman; her elocution is delightful to listen to, and her voice sincere. I hope to see her again soon and often. As a jolly little girl of sixteen Miss Molly Pearson was excellent, which is a rare thing in stage children. I quite envied the young man destined to be her husband. As the wife Miss Madge McIntosh was good, nearly very good; but neither the husband nor the wife's hopeless lover quite convinced me. A midsummer afternoon's entertainment of rare pleasure. No matter how hot the day may be, when "George Paston" produces a new play may I be there to see.

Art

The Training of an Artist—III

In my last article I led the would-be art student to the painting-schools of the Royal Academy or the Slade or the dozen and one studios kept by brilliant painters of the day; but I must retrace my steps somewhat. I find, on reading that article again, that I gave the impression that drawing may be learned at the many South Kensington schools throughout the country. That is a statement that requires the most definite qualification. No youngster will learn drawing of the slightest value or use to him at the schools alone. He must, from the day he enters any school, be *teaching himself* to draw. His one aim must be to acquire such facility with the pencil that he can set down any form in any position without a thought of the means whereby he does it—drawing must become a pronounced habit. Now even at the South Kensington art schools, as at the Royal Academy, there still remains some of the ghastly academic ideal of the elaborately stippled or finished drawing. The student should try to do at least two drawings a week from the cast; and not to spend more time upon them. The highly finished drawing is the bane of the English system. And not only should the student try to get the general mass and form before doing finished detail; but he should get examples about him of work that he admires, and try to reproduce them—again not spending too much time at the business. He will do well to acquire style from the beginning; and I can imagine no better masters than Randolph Caldecott, Steinlen, Howard Pyle, Phil May, Sandys, Anning Bell, and suchlike, for clean telling drawing and for the value of black-and-white. He should above all things be trying to *create*—to be putting his ideas into form—from the very start. I have worked in studios where scarcely a soul was making an effort to create ideas or express emotions—each student had the secret hope that the school would turn him out at the end of five years as a finished artist—that he had only to go and choose a studio. I would also advise the student from the start to steep himself in the romance of Conder, in the beauty

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of line of Aubrey Beardsley, in the massing of the Beggarstaff Brothers, and, in fact, to give himself the benefit of a generous education in the best men of his day. The line drawings of Edgar Wilson, the wash and the line work of Sime, are within the reach of the poorest student. Boyd Houghton and Pinwell and the men of the 'sixties are within the possibilities even of the narrow purse. And the pencil and pen and the brush that keep at work upon the masterpieces of these men will acquire a beauty and a facility that will surprise the student himself, even in a year. To women especially I would sound the note of warning that their weakness of drawing wrecks hundreds of careers—and there is no slightest excuse for it. There are women to-day, especially in America—Elizabeth Shippen Green and Jessie Wilson Smith and Sarah Stilwell, to say nothing of Cecilia Beaux—who can take their place beside the best artists of Europe.

BUT given constant self-education (and Millais and Watts and Fragonard and a dozen of the great dead bear eternal witness to its prime value—that and the education by one's fellow-students), then a certain amount of work from the east, if done boldly and without too much detailed niggling, at our great national school, is of great advantage, though the drawing from the model is of far higher service.

As I have said, this should be all over and done with before the Royal Academy is entered. The long years of tedious soul-killing nigger from the antique at the Royal Academy are death to the art enthusiasm which makes the artist; and it is to the more sane and vitalising schooling in Paris that most students fly, to get away from the dead-house of the old Academy system. I will show, when I go to the Parisian studios, how much better their system is. Meanwhile, let us imagine that the student has learnt to draw, and that he has a hankering after the painting schools of the Royal Academy. Well, he will find on entering that the Academy is weak in composition, weak in the large grasp; but these things are largely individual, and he must trust to educating himself in them. He will at least find at the Royal Academy the nude and draped model to paint; and he should start with paint at once. The system of teaching at these schools has serious drawbacks. Each Academician is supposed to take a month at the schools, and is paid for his work. These changes are rather upsetting to the student. The system in reality works out in a large number of Academicians never teaching at all; still, those who do the work naturally differ much in their tenets. To the great waste in artistic training, owing to the failure of the Royal Academy as a national institution, I will return later.

Correspondence

Spencer's First Principles

SIR,—I am requested by Mr. Herbert Spencer's Trustees to point out that Mr. C. W. Saleeby is not correct in stating that in the cheap edition of "First Principles," now in the press, "the arrangement is to be much modified." The reprint will be an exact copy of the work as it was finally revised by Mr. Spencer and published by himself in 1900. Dr. Duncan, one of the trustees, has carefully read the proof sheets to make sure that no alteration is made in the text.—Yours, &c. HENRY R. TEDDER,

(On behalf of the Trustees).

A Club for Booklovers

SIR,—The paragraphs of your contributor, E. G. O., upon a club for book-lovers seem to me to argue that he does not know how very many book-lovers exist who have not time to indulge their taste to the extent—the exclusive extent—he thinks necessary to lay claim to that title. If, in order to become a genuine book-lover, one must take but little practical interest in life; must live in an atmosphere of reflective joy induced by the contemplation of precious bindings, uncut edges, or old-world margins; must think of, read, and handle books as objects valuable *per se*; and hug these objects to one's cultured, self-indulgent soul (producing thereby no result but an occasional rapturous discussion with another of these "emotional *bons vivants*"), one is tempted to hope that the members of the Lambs Club may not multiply with rapidity. Persons of leisure are of great value in the world, but that leisure must not be entirely devoted to themselves. I am glad to say that I know many people who are not only well read in English literature, but are on intimate terms with the Classics, and more than a little acquainted with modern French, German, and Italian books. They have all "fine literary sense" and great affection for their own collection of volumes. Most of these people are exceedingly hard workers. They take their love of literature so much for granted that talk about it is unnecessary. There is a freemasonry in conversation among them which indicates this deep-rooted taste. It makes a radiance in the dull places of life and a happy meeting ground when work is over. Surely the end of reading is not "to have read." The joy in the possession of books, keen as it is, is not a satisfying joy. Browning's Grammarian made one small detail of study the work of his life; but that work was to be of use to others in the future. It may have appeared to the outsider an even narrower cult than that of the book-lover, but it was not. To become precious in any direction seems to be the conscious cutting away of many vital and virile powers; to be constituting oneself a "frustrate ghost" with open eyes. Though R. L. Stevenson is to be permitted to stretch his legs beneath the exclusive mahogany of the Club of Lambs, and hold phantom conversations with its members, will they remember that he thought it a far finer thing to be in love or fight a battle, than to write the finest book in the world. Will the potential Lambs under E. G. O.'s able leadership therefore cast a favourable glance at those mute inglorious book-lovers who are at this moment quietly enjoying their books, appreciating every subtle beauty of style and form, thankful for every appropriate setting, but who have no opportunity of talking about any of these things, and do not expect the world at large to be interested in their literary loves, if they did. E. G. O. is doubtless as hard a practical worker as any, as full of sympathy and energy, but he does more than occasionally give the impression that he would see no other side than the admirable in such a life as we read of in the last pages of "Henry Rycroft."—Yours, &c. M. R. CONDER.

Canadian Fiction

SIR,—In reference to your review of my story, "Isabel Broderick," might I state that although the book has reached England through an American channel, being first published in Boston, under the title of "Bubbles We Buy," I am a Canadian, and all my life that has been passed away from Halifax, Nova Scotia, has been in England or on the Continent. But as we Canadians who attempt novel writing must necessarily try to suit the American market, either the hero or heroine must be of that nationality—better if both are.

While the Americans are willing to read of Canada as a wilderness inhabited by Indians and French peasants, they do not care to hear of its civilisation or progress. These are some of the difficulties of suiting one's writing to a foreign market; but as Canadian editions are merely American books in a new binding, there is no help for it.—Yours, &c. ALICE JONES.

[Other letters held over for want of space.—ED.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

NOTE.

Miss M. E. Rees; "Shargar"; and A.L.M. (Oxford) are requested to read the rules carefully, as their communications do not comply therewith, and consequently cannot be published.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

"HOLLAND."—Who was "Holland, the Chiswick baker," who played Hamlet at Drury Lane in 1762?—*Rosencrantz* (Harrow).

"LUCRICE."—In the dedicatory epistle Shakespeare speaks of his work as a "pamphlet." Was this a usual use of the word, and are there other examples of such use at the time?—*Omnibus* (Lahore).

"EYE OF THE SOUL."—Is not this the "mind's eye" of Hamlet?—*A.H.*

"HAMLET OR GHOST?"—It is the custom of players to assign the line: "O, horrible, O, horrible, most horrible!" to Hamlet and not to the Ghost. Is there textual authority for this, or is it merely an actor's tradition?—*W. Midgley Russell*.

SHAKESPEARE'S FAITH.—Some two years ago "La Letteratura" of Milan stated that documents then recently discovered in the Vatican had proved beyond question that Shakespeare was a Catholic. Was this merely a canard?—*Harmatopegos*.

LITERATURE.

"FATE CANNOT TOUCH ME, I HAVE DINED TO-DAY."—These lines, which form the close of Sydney Smith's recipe for salad, occur also in C. S. Calverley's poem on "Beer," but, apparently, not as a quotation. How is this?—*Japhet* (Oxford).

"ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER."—Who is the author of the proverbial line, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"? Are there any similar lines to this in English or in foreign languages? Are there any contradictions in famous foreign or English writers?—*Alfred R. Wolbrom*.

GENERAL.

* INSCRIPTION ON FARMHOUSE WINDOW.—The ants about a clod employ their cares,
And think the business of the world is theirs;
So waxen combs seem palaces to bees,
And mites conceive the world to be a cheese.

The above lines are scratched on a window-pane in a farmhouse at Glaisdale Head, near Danby, in Yorkshire. Evidently they have a history. Can any one say who was the author of them?—*Northern*.

FOOLSCAP.—What is the derivation of "Foolscap"? In a statute of Queen Anne there appear the words "Genoa foolscap." Is there any doubt as to the origin of these words, and, if any, what?—*Alfred R. Wolbrom*.

"HE HAS KILLED HIS OWN PIG."—Can any one tell me the origin of the above old expression?—*Chas. E. Winder* (Sheffield).

ABOCET.—There have been some doubts raised as to the authenticity of the word "abocet." Is this the original word, and, if not, what is it? It is generally taken to mean a two-peaked crown, such as the ancient kings of England wore. Was there such a crown, and is the meaning correct? What is the derivation of the word?—*Alfred R. Wolbrom*.

"SCOTCHMAN" OR "SCOTSMAN"?—Is the form "Scotaman" preferable to "Scotchman"? Is the latter a correct and proper word to use?—*Gael* (Southampton).

"PORRIDGE."—Is not the word "porridge" a noun singular? In many places in Scotland, and almost everywhere in England, I have heard it used as having a plural signification. For example: "Make a few porridges" I have heard said by well-educated people. Is there anything in the etymology of the word to account for this?—*A. M. Ross* (Waterfoot).

Answers

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR FOUND.—Some time ago a correspondent asked who was the author of the pun, "Ye be burly, my Lord o' Burleigh, but ye shall make less stir in our realm than our Lord of Leicester." Strickland attributes this pun to Queen Elizabeth, as does also O. W. Holmes in the first chapter of "Autocrat of Breakfast Table."—*R.S.*

* "WEE WILLIE WINKIE."—The story entitled "Wee Willie Winkie" to which your correspondent A.J.P. refers came out as a serial in "Little Folks" some twenty-two years ago. It describes the finding of the baby the night after the storm, his up-bringing among the fisher folk, his being

sent to school by the clergyman of the village, and his ultimate recognition by the sister of his dead mother. It was a very favourite story with us as children, and I never see Kipling's "Wee Willie Winkie" without recalling it.—*Lucy Mary Dorman* (Stafford).

ELLESMEERE.—Answers also received from *Kate Prentice*; and *E.W.G.* (Haslemere).

"TANSY."—As none of the replies so far published fully answer the question re "Tansy" as originally asked, I here supply a little further information: The lines quoted are from Herrick, the poet, and refer to the curious custom of ball-playing in church on Easter Monday, not only at Chester, but almost in every town in England. The practice has been discontinued for quite five centuries so far as Chester is concerned. When in vogue, however, ball-playing was actually made part of the service in Chester Cathedral. Bishop or dean took the ball into the cathedral, of a size not to be grasped by one hand, and at the opening of the antiphon began to dance to its time, throwing the ball to the choristers, who threw it from one to another. All presently retired for refreshment, which consisted of a gammon of bacon, and a tansy pudding to symbolise the bitter herbs appropriate to the paschal feast.—*R.S.*

"TANSY."—The rhyme "At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play" is from Herrick's poem called "Stool-ball." See page 228 of "The Poems of R. Herrick" in "The World's Classics Series" (Grant Richards). *R.N.* (Sunderland) has not quoted the second line accurately; it should be "For sugar-cakes and wine." There is no mention of Chester Cathedral in the poem. Stool-ball was an out-door game of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, generally played by women alone, but sometimes in company with men. It is still played in almost every village in Sussex.—*M.A.C.*

GENERAL.

MAGDALENE COLLEGE.—The retention or the abandonment of the final *e* in this name is a mere matter of usage. At Oxford Magdalen was anciently spelled with a final *e*, as is still the custom at Cambridge. Dr. Ingram, in his "Memorials of Oxford" (1834), speaks of Magdalene, but Joseph Skelton, both in his "Oxonia Antiqua Restaurata" (1825) and in his "Pietas Oxoniensis" (1831) has Magdalen. The cover of my copy of the second volume (1857) of Dr. Bloxam's Register gives "Magdalene College Register II.," but inside the final *e* is dropped. Nowadays at Oxford the spelling Magdalen is the only wear, the form Magdalene being abandoned, together with the pleonasm Christ Church College, to the reckless novelist.—*A.R.B.*

"COCKATRICE—TREK."—The formation of conjugations is very heterogeneous, and with prehistoric languages it is impossible to trace the primitive forms which the early grammarians "picked up" as material. Thus with *sum, fui*, we have no etymological connection; the verb to *be*, with *am, is, was*; turning to the Latin *traho*, we find *traxi*; this conforms more readily to *trecho*, which then brings out the analogy to *traho, h=ch*. The Greeks were early settled in Magna Græcia, now South Italy, and their culture spread northward; the Etruscans had an early form of the Greek Cadmean script; so possibly some Grecian grammaticalised classical Latin Priscian came from Asia and settled at Byzantium, a Grecian colony. As to the Dutch "trek," the vehicles were drawn by cattle, the emigrants rode or walked, i.e. trekked; they formed a *tract*.—*A. Hall*.

* SNEEZING—"GOD BLESS YOU."—The historian Sigonius says that about the end of the sixth century, in the time of Gregory the Great, Italy was ravaged by a terrible disease, of which sneezing was one of the first symptoms. To counteract its evil effects it became customary to utter a short prayer whenever a threatened victim was heard to give the first signs of infection. It is from this that some writers have derived the origin of the custom of greeting the act of sneezing with a wish for the good health of the sneezer. In France, as may be learned from Beaumarchais, the accepted form is *Dieu vous bénisse!* In Germany the *Gott helf* of olden days has been replaced by *Gesundheit!* or *Wohlsin!* The Italian ejaculation is *Salute!* and the Spanish the name of our Lord. There is also the explanation that sneezing is caused by evil spirits or malicious fairies, and the "God bless you" or "Bless you" of a friend or the "Bless us" of the sneezer is requisite to check their malign influence.—*Rev. J. B. A. Watt* (Manse of Cadder, Bishop Briggs).

COUNTING-OUT VERSES.—The following verse, which was in use in the one of my youth, which was spent in Forfarshire. It runs:

Initie snitie sacketie feg,
El del domen egg,
Irkie birkie storie rock,
An tan toose Jock,
Eerie orie oorrie,
You are out.—*M.E.D.* (Bankipore, India).

COUNTING-OUT VERSES.—The following verse, which was in use in the small Yorkshire town of Holmfirth when I was a child, differs somewhat from that given by Miss Godwin in the current ACADEMY:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven:
Penny on the water, tuppence on the sea,
Threepence on the railway, out—goes—*she* (or he).

We had several counting-out verses: the following is evidently a variation of that given by your American correspondent a few weeks ago:

Ena, mena, mina, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he squeals let him go,
Ena, mena, mina, mo.

It would be interesting to know whether this rhyme originated in England or America. The "penny on the water," &c., was often tacked on to this rhyme, and also on to other counting-out verses, including the following:

One, two, three, four, Mary at the cottage door
Eating cherries off a plate: Five, six, seven, eight.

If there happened to be several players and we were in a hurry to begin the game, we used often to be content with "Hot scalding dishclout."—*Cause*.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to booksellers whose names follow:

Mr. Jacob, 149 Edgware Road, Hyde Park, W.
Mr. George Flint, 3 Bridge Street, Morpeth.
Mr. A. Boon, Foregate Street, Stafford.
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Les deux femmes dont le héros est tour à tour amoureux sont extrêmement dissemblables : l'une, Jennie, franche, simple, loyale ; l'autre, Rachel, artificielle, compliquée, fantasque, et toutes deux capables d'aimer et de souffrir. Mais l'auteur a poussé plus à fond le caractère du beau Federan, l'éternel réducteur éternellement séduit. Il a eu d'innombrables amourettes, et toujours il faut que son cœur soit pris ; il voit Jennie, elle est belle, vite il lui donne son cœur et il n'a jamais aimé personne comme elle ; puis, dans un duo équivoque, il subit malgré lui l'influence physique immédiate de la troublante Rachel et il sent, il sait qu'il renoncera à son amour de la veille. Bien mieux, s'il n'était pas éleve dans le respect de la monogamie, il garderait ses deux amours ; il les ajouterait à ses amours passés et il ne cessera tant qu'il vivra d'ajouter l'amour d'aujourd'hui aux amours de tous les hiers. Mais le public s'insurgerait s'il devinait trop clairement ces conclusions et Mrs. Craigie en mariant Federan et Rachel ne nous dit pas qu'il lui sera fidèle ni qu'elle l'aimera toujours. Et cette incertitude est presque une conviction."

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